Volume LXIII CHICAGO, JULY 8, 1909 Number 19

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Singing in the Rain

Last night I heard a robin singing in the rain,
And the raindrops' patter made a sweet refrain,
Making all the sweeter the music of the strain.

So, I thought, when trouble comes, as trouble will,
Why should I stop singing? Just beyond the hill
It may be that sunshine floods the green world still.

He who faces trouble with a heart of cheer
Makes the burden lighter. If there falls a tear,
Sweeter is the cadence in the song we hear.

I have learned your lesson, bird of dappled wing,
Listening to your music with its lilt of spring,—
When the storm-cloud darkens, then's the time to sing.

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 291
Joy in Cripple-Land 292
Ordination—*Samuel Longfellow* 293
From the Danish—*Maurice Francis Egan* 293

THE PULPIT—
Ideals—Edwin G. Brown 294

THE STUDY TABLE—
Book Reviews—Harry Foster Burns 296

Some Children's Stories—F. L. T. 297
Books Received 297

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living—*Henry Drummond* 298
Dandelion Wishes—*Annie Willis McCullough* ... 298
The Talisman—*Ida Kenniston* 298

THE FIELD—
International Notes—*Charles W. Wendte* 299
Chill of the Eve—*James Stephens* 299
A Sunset Song—*John B. Tabb* 299

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company

FOUNDED IN 1846

SIXTY-THREE YEARS OF HONEST MANAGEMENT

Samuel T. Chase, Ill. Gen. Agent. Monadnock, Blk. Chicago

DREXEL STATE BANK

Oakwood Blvd. and Cottage Grove Ave.

CAPITAL $200,000
DEPOSITS $2,500,000

3% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts---Safety Boxes For Rent

Lovely Woman's Lovely Waists

Receive special attention at this Laundry. We have the art of restoring to them the beauty of newness as no home laundry can do it

Drexel Laundry

3905-11 Langley Ave.

Phone Douglas 642

Are you going to have any **Spring Cleaning?**

Of Course! You are going to let Schumann do it

SCHUMANN & CO.

Specialists

Phone Douglass 1442 3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

Ideal Cream

Prepared by For Chapped and Rough Skin

WILLIAM F. DATZ, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

N. E. Cor. 39th St. and Vincennes Ave.

AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE

TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY

H. D. LUDLOW

UNDERTAKER

Telephone Oakland 1274

659 E. Forty-Seventh St., Near Grand Boul.

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every washstand

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

TELEPHONE OAKLAND 1269

H. ZEISS

Tailor

For Ladies and Gentlemen

SEVEN *and* NINE

EAST FORTY-SEVENTH STREET

F. HOPE & SON

Painting and Decorating

Painters' Supplies

We are Distributers for ACME PAINTS, Varnishes, etc

3821 Cottage Grove Ave.

Tel. Douglas 665 CHICAGO

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

WHEN DEALING WITH ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION UNITY.

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1909 NUMBER 19

What if the sun be darkened?
Eyes shall be hopeful still!
Souls in themselves are torches
And light what realms they will.

JAMES H. WEST.

"The Harvard Dramatists" is the suggestive and encouraging title of an article in *The Literary Digest* of recent date. The faces of William Vaughn Moody, Edward B. Sheldon, and Percy MacKaye are shown as successful writers of plays. This is hopeful. Creation is higher than criticism, production nobler than repetition.

Every boy and girl in the country knows of Hon. Ben B. Lindsay, Judge of the Juvenile Court of Colorado. No man in America has made a closer study of the boy; perhaps no man has befriended more boys helpfully. Let fathers, mothers and teachers of boys as well as boys themselves take serious note of this opinion of the Judge which appears in an article published by the *Sunday-school Times* of Philadelphia.

"I have been in the Juvenile Court nearly ten years, and in that time I have had to deal with thousands and thousands of boys who have disgraced themselves and their parents, and who have brought sorrow and misery into their lives; and I do not know of any one habit that is more responsible for the troubles of these boys than the vile cigarette habit."

It must have been a beautiful occasion, and fitting as beautiful, that led the social club in connection with the Church of the Disciples, of Boston, to make an excursion to Brook Farm, as to a shrine, on a recent Sunday afternoon. "Pulpit Rock," from which seventy years ago words of prophetic vision were spoken, was occupied again. The number of people who would dismiss the Brook Farm with a joke is diminishing. Much that is best in the social life of today, its settlement workers, social centers, summer schools, and varied ventures in the way of social co-operation may well find in Brook Farm the notable seed and fertile inspiration to plain living and high thinking. We may well attempt to emulate that worthy group of thinking men and women who sought to simplify life that it might be more noble.

In a recent number of *The Christian Register,* the Unitarian Church of Erie, Pennsylvania, is spoken of as "being on the best of terms with its orthodox neighbors." The pastor, Rev. T. B. Byrnes, was recently one of a committee of five clergymen who have practically stopped gambling and closed over a hundred slot machines in the city. He was also one of a committee of three who prepared a statement on the social and civic conditions of the city which was read in all the Protestant churches of the city. This is something worth while. Let other churches take note. The Unitarian church has had much to do in the way of differentiation. It has stood for the distinguishing things. When it reaches its maturity, it must join in the leadership that unites and stand for the verities that combine the common interests.

The Proctor Academy is a preparatory school conducted at Andover, N. H., with the co-operation and backing largely of Unitarian friends. At its recent anniversary it was characterized as a school "where a boy or girl can obtain a good education and live a happy, wholesome life on less than ten dollars a year spending-money." This is high commendation indeed. When all other arguments against the accumulation of social organization and "functional" activity in connection with the school life of today fail, the one of economy appeals. Anything that adds to the expensiveness of a school career is undemocratic, and democracy is an academic necessity. That culture which adds to the humiliations of the poor, the pride and extravagances of the rich, is a culture in the wrong direction, one from which thoughtful parents should save their children.

But few of the multitude who took note with sadness and reverence of the passing of Edward Everett Hale, will connect the occasion with that of the passing at nearly the same hour of the tireless worker, William H. Baldwin, the diligent Boston layman, the business man who for forty years devoted himself to the practical ministry of helpfulness. As head of the Young Men's Christian Union, of Boston, and the Y. M. C. A., stripped of its dogmatic limitations, he ameliorated the severities of city life, brought companionship and encouragement to thousands upon thousands of young men. In addition to the arduous duties, duties of president of this great clearing house of the humanities, he found time to run the errands and do the chores on many, if not most, of the high ventures inspired by the tongue and pen of his great fellow-worker, Edward Everett Hale. Like Mr. Hale, Mr. Baldwin grew old through his activities, but died young away up in the eighties.

The Public has a memorial word for Louis Prang, the high-craftsman who, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, was recently gathered to his fathers, who brought the exquisite art of printing in color to a high development. Our neighbor calls attention to the fact that Mr. Prang was one of the early friends and consistent advocates of the single tax theory and that two-thirds of his eighty-five years of life he was a "workman of high degree." We wish to add our word of gratitude to the man who labored so successfully in cheapening art without degrading it. The present writer took new hold of art as the crowning inspiration of democracy when, nearly forty years ago, this same Louis Prang showed him through the charming mysteries of his chromo printing shop at Boston. In other hands the art he did so much to perfect has been sadly debauched for commercial and advertising purposes, but Prang's work has always represented a quest beyond dollars, an inspiration finer than commercial ambitions can ever reach.

In an address, delivered before the British and Foreign Unitarian Association at Essex Hall, on the second ult., the Rev. W. L. Schroeder spoke of religion and poetry as exemplified in the life and writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Alfred Tennyson, the centennial of both of whom is celebrated this year. The speaker deplored the fact that "even among fairly well educated people there seems to be but little reading of the poetry which is the glory of English literature. * * * There are few signs of the life lived with Wordsworth and Browning, with Shelley and Swinburne, with Keats and Tennyson." He ascribes as a reason the fact that "the world is in too great a hurry to trouble much with either poetry or religion." He speaks of the impatience of the 'common sense' that condemns poetic art. Great poetry, he says, is not merely great art, but great life, and "all poetry should give us a sense of spiritual value." The whole argument of the speaker enforces the fundamental truth that literature is a reflection of life, and life must ever be the interpreter of literature. To understand and enjoy the great poets is not an academic achievement, but a spiritual process. Only the single-minded, the seeker after truth, the peaceful heart, and the soul at one with its God, find rest, renewal, and inspiration in the works of the great masters.

Joy in Cripple-Land!

The Pennsylvania Express is a dignified train. The excess fare eliminates all those who are not either fairly prosperous or in a big hurry. It carries few way-passengers, and Pullman cars are, as everyone knows, something to live up to. There is a dignity to be preserved among those who travel therein.

It is not strange, then, that the well-groomed men and the belaced ladies promptly "sat up and took notice," when peals of laughter and the chatter of children's voices emerged from a "day-coach," attached to the rear of this seriously minded and socially proper train.

On this train "ye editor" of UNITY was hastening to a summer school, maintained by the Society of Friends in a favored corner in the land of William Penn. The editorial instinct, if none other, called upon him to explore the sources of this surprising levity and surely a "story" worth while, a "story" that would delight any newspaper man was discovered, but the editor promptly forgot his vocation when he was greeted with a jolly acclamation, for he found himself among old friends who, spite of the scalding weather, hailed the old friend "Santa Claus."

Here, indeed, was a carload of the jolly cripples who at Christmas times and on Thanksgiving days had feasted at the Lincoln Centre board.

Fifty-seven ill-shapen or shapeless fragments of humanity,—armless, legless, almost spineless shreds of boys and girls, little human blotches on the biological blotting pads. It was Miss Prouty's school of Crippled children going for a summer's outing to Lake Winona. Some benevolent friend or friends had given her the use of a lakeside camp, the tents all up and the bunks made, for three good long weeks. Other friends had given her the necessary material, some in cash, some in groceries, some in regular installments of meat from stockyard packing houses to keep the children happy for two weeks. Whether they could stay the additional week depended on whether Miss Prouty could find in time the additional money, vegetables and fresh meat to continue the happiness; for cripple children grow hungry, like the well formed, and the way to their hearts, like other children, is largely by way of the stomach.

But what about the cripple children's school? It is a delightful story of light in darkness,—joy in pain, and peace in weakness. The Board of Education of the city of Chicago have set apart certain rooms in one of their public school buildings on the South Side where these little wrecks are gathered daily from their scattered homes by a public 'bus, maintained for the purpose by the Board, and the city of Chicago details for permanent service two strong-armed, warm-hearted policemen who literally gather these cripples to their breasts, carry them from their home to the 'bus, from 'bus to school room and back again.

And what of Miss Prouty? Florence E. Prouty is the angel of Cripple-land, a public school teacher who elects to serve these helpless, twisted unfortunates. She is a public "school marm," living on "school marm wages;" but much more,—she is the childless mother of these unfortunates and she is on duty twelve months of the year. When she goes on vacations she takes her wards along. When the public benefactions end, then private kindnesses begin. If Mary has outgrown her braces and Johnny's wooden leg has grown too short and Billy's eyes call for a stronger lens as he

passes up a grade; if broken crutches are to be replaced and the poor, ill-shapen shoe, made out of shape in order to fit the foot, is worn out, Miss Prouty rises to the occasion; the consciences of old friends are quickened, the hearts of new friends touched, and the demand brings the supply. Sometimes it is a week or a month in the hospital for special treatment, sometimes it is a visit from an expert physician which brings a medical prescription; sometimes it means prolonged attention from a visiting nurse. Whatever the emergency or however constant the demand, Miss Prouty and her two teacher assistants, her kind hearted police body guard and the growing but still too small staff of volunteer helpers seem equal to the demand, no—not that, but ever equal to finding the special providence that lends human fingers to the Divine Hand.

"And what is your special anxiety now, Miss Prouty?"

"Oh, I want another $150 badly so that I may keep these children out by the lake the full three weeks, but more than that I want to solve for next year the problem of homes for my four homeless cripples—Mrs. and Mr. Y— are now paying their board in private families, but it is not satisfactory. I want so much to rent a little cottage and put them in charge of a kind-hearted washerwoman I know who would give them such good care and attention. I can get the cottage for the rent of $180 and the cost of the children's board would be about———the figures are lost, but it is all figured out plainly and clearly by the business-like, conservative, reliable, sagacious Miss Florence E. Prouty, No. 90 East Twenty-second street, Chicago, with whom any readers of this note who are moved by the humanities will do well to communicate and find peace to their disturbed souls in the transaction.

"And is that all that distresses you now, Miss Prouty?"

"No, I have not yet successfully placed my three boy graduates who finished the eighth grade work last week. One needs a new leg, one is promised a position when there is a vacancy in the big establishment of ———, and the other would make good if they would only give him a chance, though he has but one arm."

"Toot! too! ding dong! Ding dong! Bless me, here we are at the Lake!" "Take your time," says the conductor—"where did you find all these, Mr. ———?" "Bless us! these are not mine,—these are Miss Prouty's children." "All the children that can walk may go out first,—the rest remain in their seats," was the apparently unnecessary command of Miss Prouty. Fully one-third of the fifty-seven remained in their seats while the rest of them hobbled, jumped, fairly kicked themselves out on the grass. The rest were tenderly lifted, passed from hand to hand, or tossed like so many express packages marked, "Handle with Care." Then came the baskets, plaything, tricycles, wheel chairs, hammocks, fruit, broken lunch boxes, fragments of cake, oranges, checker boards, etc., etc., etc.

"All off?"

All off! and suddenly the Pennsylvania Express rose to its dignity; the day coach was silent; the grassy bank was dotted with curious bunches of humanity. They cheered the train, waved their goodbyes to Santa Claus, and the denizens of Cripple Land were happy, very happy, and the travellers in the Pullman car were thoughtful, very thoughtful, and one sweet girl graduate from ——— College took Miss Prouty's address and said, "I'll be home in a few hours and I'll see what I can do in ———, Ohio, towards that third week's outing. I am sure father will do something and there are others. I am going to work."

Reader, go thou and do likewise!

ORDINATION

O God! thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait!
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.

A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do thy will.

O Father! keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood!

O Father! keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And, in the ear of sin and self,
May his rebuke be strong!

And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then in the dreary wilderness,
Thine angels strengthen him!

And grant him many hearts to lead
Into thy perfect rest:
Bless thou him, Father, and his work;
Bless, and they shall be blest.

—*Written for the ordination of Edward Everett Hale, by Samuel Longfellow.*

(*From the Danish of Kai Holberg.*)

"Wouldst have a bell of deep and perfect sound,
So perfect that the metal melts in air
And is all music? Seek thou, then, with care
The fairest virgin in thy land around."
So Chinese priests of making gongs expound,
That all their folks may hasten, glad, to prayer.
"When thou hast found the woman pure and fair,
In the hot metal then must she be drowned."

To me, a poet, came a maiden bright,
Who looked not back, who would become a part
Of all my music, die that she might give
My song new harmonies; in the fierce light
And flaming of the furnace of my heart
Her girlhood perished that my songs might live!

—*Maurice Francis Egan in The Bookman*

Each of our friends that passes into the life beyond is but one more link cut off from the chain that draws us upward too.—But we pull back and so we feel the hurt of its increasing strain.—*Bolton Hall.*

Work is for the worker. And the man who makes the thing is of far more importance than the man who buys it.

THE PULPIT

Ideals.

By Rev. Edwin G. Brown.

In an address which Carlyle gave before the students of Edinburgh University, he said to those young men: "Cling to your young ideals, cling to your young ideals." I think we Americans, young and old, need to hear those words; need to think on them and try to grasp their full meaning; need to take them to heart, to try to live by them, that our lives may be more beautiful and more blessed.

Ponce de Leon heard of a wonderful fountain in the wilds of America where one could bathe and renew his youth. He wasted much precious time searching for that fountain. He was not wise. There is no such fountain. These bodies of ours are doomed to decay. De Leon's fountain of youth is just a fairy story for childish minds. Goethe's Mephistopheles, who could buy Faust's soul at the price of unfailing physical powers is a myth. The notion of Christian Scientists and some of the New Thought healers that a man can *think* himself into perfect health and unfailing bodily vigor is moonshine. If these statements do not appeal to you as axiomatic, if they seem to need any substantiation, recall the fact that the deepest, most profound thinking along these lines has been done by the mystics of India through many past centuries, and not one of them has yet thought himself free from decay and death. Most of us are wise enough to face the fact that decay and death for these bodies of ours are inevitable, but most of us are not wise enough to realize,—make real to ourselves,—the fact that the soul, the spirit, may, consciously, hold its youth; may, consciously, ignore time and behold itself as belonging to eternity.

As boys and girls, we dreamed of becoming heroes. We thought to achieve something great and grand. The conquests of a Napoleon could not satisfy our hearts. Kings and queens and princes, with all their power and magnificence, were just the counters we would use in our life-game to win the glory and the fame, the world-renown which our vaunting ambition demanded. Our power should make the wise rejoice, should bring happiness to all the good and beautiful, should banish from among men the ugly and the evil. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." Why not the thoughts of maturity? of age? Shall we dream those youthful dreams again? Yes. Shall we hope to win conquests greater than those of Napoleon? Yes. Shall we think to do work that shall make the pomp and circumstance of courts and kings seem cheap and trivial? Yes. Shall we become noble men and women, peers of the noblest? Yes. And shall we hope to win for ourselves glory and fame and world renown? Ah! there's the "worm in the bud," the "rift in the lute" of our youthful dreams. That must be forgotten. The self-seeking and the selfishness must be put aside. I did not say that we should go back and be children again. It were a sad commentary upon our lives if we had not learned something worth while during these years. Carlyle did not proclaim the perfect wisdom of youth; but the aspiration to do some great and worthy work, to become heroic, to be noble,—that he proclaimed as the essence of our youthful dreams; to that, he exhorted, we should cling.

Let us try to be very simple and practical. Let us ask ourselves plain, straight questions and try to answer them in a straight-forward manner. Is it really possible for us, men and women, young and old, to do some great and worthy work, to be noble, heroic? I answer that question, Yes. I assert that it is possible for every man and woman, every boy and girl in this town to begin, this day, a great work, a work second to none that has been done anywhere, by any man or woman, throughout the ages. I assert that it is possible for every one of us, here and now, to become noble. This word is to you, each and every one of you. You, doing the ordinary work of your ordinary lives, here in this commonplace American environment, you, here and now, may begin to do a work worthy to rank with the achievements of the great men, the heroes, the saints. You may begin to build a character as beautiful as any that ever blessed mankind. You cannot construct a Suez canal here. No, we don't need a Suez canal, and you have not the training or the ability to build it, if we did. You cannot erect a Cheops here. No, thank God the race has outgrown that folly. You cannot hope to rival Napoleon. No, thank God again, I think the race is fast outgrowing the foolish thinking that made a Napoleon possible. You cannot here look to accomplish the work of a Cecil Rhodes, or a Rockefeller, or a Harriman. No, and again thank God, I do not believe there is one among you who is selfish enough, self-seeking enough, regardless enough of the rights of others, to follow the crooked and cruel paths that have led to the odious eminence of such men. You cannot do the work of a Washington or a Lincoln here. No, most earnestly we thank God that such work does not need doing now. What, then, of great and worthy work can be done by a man or a woman who claims nothing of especial genius, here in our America? How may noble and heroic character be won here?

Before attempting to answer these questions, it may be well to do some defining, to try to get a clear idea of what we mean by great and worthy work, by noble, heroic character. What men, in the history of the world, have done such work, have achieved such character? In America, most of us would agree upon Washington and Lincoln and Emerson. There are many others, but most of us would agree upon those three. Among Englishmen, we can agree, I think, on Shakespeare and Wellington and Gladstone. It is not asserted that these three men are the greatest in English history,—merely that each of them was a noble man who did great and worthy work. Among Frenchmen, some of you would name Napoleon. I cannot accept him. His work does not seem worthy to me, his character does not seem noble. But on Victor Hugo, I think we can all agree. Going back to the ancients, I should reject Caesar and Alexander for the same reasons that make me reject Napoleon; but probably we could all agree on Marcus Aurelius and Cicero, on Pericles and Plato and Socrates, on Zoraster and Confucius and Buddha. I think, then, concerning all the men we have named,—and a great many whom we have not named,—we can all agree to call the work they did great and worthy, the character they developed noble. Then there was Paul, the founder of Christianity, we will all agree that he was a noble, heroic man, that the work he did was great and worthy. And how about Jesus? Accepting substantially the story of the three synoptic gospels, my opinion is that there is not a man or woman among us here who does not rank Jesus among the greatest characters of history, who does not think that the work he did here on earth should stand among the very greatest and most worthy. Most of us have been

taught, some of us, perhaps, still believe, that Jesus is, pre-eminently, the greatest character in history, that his work is, pre-eminently, the greatest, the most worthy work that has ever been done in the world. Personally, I object to superlatives. Personally, I am not willing to rank the character or the work of Jesus above that of every other man. But I am willing to class Jesus among the greatest men, to rank what he did as among the greatest, noblest, most worthy of the achievements of man. All of you will go that far with me. Let us agree, then, upon the work that Jesus did as the standard by which we shall determine what a great and worthy work is, as the standard by which we may measure the possibilities of our own lives.

Very well! what was the work that Jesus did? Did he found the great Christian religion, which has persisted for nineteen centuries and embraces some 200,000,000 of people? No, Jesus did nothing of the kind. Paul did that. There is not the slightest credible evidence that Jesus had any thought of founding a new religion. He was a Jew, born and reared. He never entertained the faintest notion that the world needed any other religion than pure Judaism. You have not been taught that way? No, neither was I when I attended theological school more than a quarter of a century ago. But the consensus of those who seem to me the competent today, the opinion of many of the ablest and most scholarly men is that which I have stated. Well! if he did not found the Christian religion, at least he discovered and enunciated the great ethical and religious principles upon which it rests,—the golden rule and the law of love to God and love to man. Now, let us be circumspect, let us make our statements carefully and as accurately as may be. Jesus did, we have reason to believe, enunciate the golden rule and the law of love to God and love to man. He enunciated many of the fundamental ethical and religious principles upon which Christianity rests. But these great principles were not original with Jesus. He did discover them in this sense, that he unearthed them from the psuedo-Greek philosophy of the scribes and the mass of Rabbinical rubbish about tithing mint and anise, and he stated them clearly and emphatically.

Remember, our purpose today is not to analyze the character of Jesus. We have agreed that the work he did was a great and worthy work. We are trying now to get a clear idea of what that work really was in order that we may measure by it the work which we may do here and now. This, then, is my estimate of that work. Jesus lived about thirty-five years. His work, up to the age of thirty, was that of a village carpenter. Some three or four of the last years of his life were spent in teaching. He studied the Jewish scriptures. He listened to and engaged in discussions of Jewish doctrine and Greek philosophy. He became convinced of the supreme importance of the great ethical and religious principles which underlay Jewish sacerdotalism and Greek sophistry. When John the Baptist came preaching repentance and a baptism to righteousness, Jesus was baptized; and after John's death Jesus took up the work. He believed that he was a prophet of God,—as John had been, as the older prophets of the Jews had been. He went about among his Jewish brethren, exhorting them by his speech and teaching them by his life to do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with their God. But the pride and arrogance of the Pharisees, the sophistry and superciliousness of the scribes angered him. He denounced them bitterly, and they compassed his death. Stripped of the miracle stories, which are clearly legendary, and of the doctrinal pronouncements, which are largely, I think, addenda by the unknown authors of the gospel, that is a brief statement of the life and work of Jesus. Now what is the substance of that work? What makes it great and worthy?

First, it was needful work. Jesus believed, and we believe that the Jews needed to be told what he was trying to tell them.

Second, it was *his* work. Jesus believed that he was a prophet of God, commissioned by Jehovah to speak the truth. He was seeking, with all the power he had, to do *his* work.

Third, it was unselfish work. Jesus sought nothing for himself, neither money, nor power, nor fame. The central thought of his life was service, loving service to God and his fellowmen through the doing well of *his* work.

It is my opinion that those are the three important factors in the work of Jesus which make it great and worthy; it was needed work, it was his work, it was unselfish work. And of those three factors, the pre-eminently important one is the unselfishness. Countless millions of men and women in this world have done needed work and have earned the right to live in so doing. A man or a woman is respectable who is doing, as well as he may, needed work, and no one else is respectable. All self-chosen idleness is ignominy. All needed work is worthy: it is not, *per se*, great. Many men and women in this world have found not only needed work to do, but their own work, have done their work well, have won the blessing which comes to the man who has found his work and is doing it with his might. They have done worthy work, not necessarily great. But when a man has discovered, not only that he must find and do some needed work, not only that he should find and do the work that fits his faculty; but also that his work must be unselfishly done, that self-seeking must not be its object, that it must be in the nature of loving service, then, at once, that man's work is lifted into something great and noble and beautiful. What is it in the work and the character of Jesus that attracts us? Other men have enunciated profound truth, have rescued from the rubbish of formalism fundamental ethical and religious principles. Other men have healed the sick. In this country, today, there are Christian Scientists and New Thought healers and ministerial practitioners of psychotherapy with a better record in that line than Jesus. Countless men and women have sacrificed their lives, have died deaths involving more of suffering and shame than that on the cross. What is it that lifts this man above the vast majority of mankind, that wins our hearts' love? I say that it is the fact that he was doing needed work, the fact that he was doing *his* work, but, pre-eminently, it is the fact that he was doing unselfish work. This man was seeking to serve his fellow men. There was in his heart no desire for gain to himself, there was, for the most part, no fear of loss to himself. His conception of the service to God and man which he could give was that he should go about teaching the truth, as he understood it. This he did. The temptation to seek selfish ends came to him. You recall the story of the high mountain and Satan and the offer of the kingdoms of the earth. We do not believe that fairy story, but we are very sure that Jesus did put behind him selfishness and self-seeking. Fear, selfish fear of personal suffering and loss came to him. You remember Gethesmane and

the cry from the cross. But he put down his fears and cast them from him. The three or four years of his life which count to the world were spent in brave, unselfish, loving service. It is this unselfishness and love,—they are but different names for the same reality,—that places the work he did among the achievements of the greatest and noblest, that makes his character one of the most beautiful. It is my opinion that Jesus was not a perfect man. But once he had grasped the thought of giving his life to unselfish loving service, he held that fast. His faithfulness to that ideal lifts his life and his work into the realm of the great, the noble, the heroic.

Now we are ready to answer our questions. The first was, What great and noble work can be done, here and now, by commonplace men and women like ourselves? Well! what work are we doing, here and now? I assume that we are all doing something. I assume that none of us is foolish enough to crave or accept the dishonor of idleness. Let us test what we are doing by the three standards which we used in testing Jesus' work. Is the work we are doing needed work? Then, if we are doing it the best we may, it is worthy. Is the work we are doing *our* work? Have we found something that fits our faculty? Then, being needed work, being well done, and being our work, it is worthy. Is the work we are doing unselfish work? In it, are we striving to serve God and man, to give unselfish, loving service? Ah, there's the rub. Most of us are doing needed work. Many of us have found our work. But who of us has banished from his heart all selfishness? Who of us has set for himself the high ideal that Jesus set for himself,—the thought to give, daily and hourly, unselfish, loving service? I know there is much of unselfish, loving service being given. I know that all of us sometimes, that some of us often, perhaps, do rise to that high plane, do forget ourselves, do forget to be self-seeking, do serve nobly. Thank God for every such moment of faithfulness to our high ideals. Thank God for every deed of self-forgetting love that we have done. But why not cling to those high ideals through the day? Why not let the self-forgetting deeds of love fill the hours? I know your answer. You tell me that one must be selfish, to some extent, to protect himself. You tell me that one must be self-seeking to some extent, to provide the things needful for himself and those dependent upon him. You are wrong. You think your statements are true; they are not. The Eternal Goodness, God, is. His Perfect Justice governs. The law of love is the first and final law of life. That law is written in our own hearts. We know that the greatest and the noblest men and women who have lived in the world are the men and women who have acknowledged that law of love, have tried to live every moment of their lives by it. We know that in ourselves it is the deeds done in accordance with that law of love that bless us; and in the men and women about us, it is the ideals cherished and the deeds done in accordance with that law of love that win our affection. These are things that you and I know, friends, when we are willing to look deep into our hearts and face the verities of life. Why not face these verities every day and all day? Why not believe in God, the Eternal Goodness, every day and all day? Why not set for ourselves this high ideal of giving unselfish, loving service throughout every day? Oh! we can do it. With most of us, it will need little change in the outward conduct of our lives. Already we are doing needed work. Already we are doing our work. It needs only that we take, for our constant, daily guide, those high ideals which have enthralled us in our moments of inspiration. It needs only that we determine, from this day forth, to banish self-seeking from our lives; to dethrone selfishness; to give, each day and each hour, in the doing of our ordinary work, unselfish, loving service.

In answering the first question—in outlining noble, heroic work that we can do here and now, I have answered the second question, have I not? I have shown how we can be, here and now, noble, heroic. It is a very simple matter. Carlyle phrased it, "Cling to your young ideals." Jesus phrased it, "Seek righteousness first." We have phrased it, "Give, of unselfish, loving service." They all mean the same. Every phrase that thrills the heart to self-forgetting, to high endeavor for unselfish ends, has the same deep meaning. Would we win nobility of character, we must do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with our God; we must love God, and cherish our neighbor as ourselves; we must do unto others as we would have others do unto us; we must seek righteousness first. There is not a man or a woman among us, not a boy or a girl among us who cannot understand this teaching; who cannot begin, today, to do this great and noble work; who cannot begin, today, to live his life bravely, nobly,—to win for himself heroic, God-like character. No man has ever done more.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Reviews

The Discovery of the Soul," *by Floyd B. Wilson; R. F. Fenno and Company;* $1.00. The titles of Mr. Wilson's former works, "Paths to Power," "Man Limitless," "Through Silence to Realization," indicate a point of view which fairly represents the present work, the sub-title of which is, "Out of Mysticism, Light and Progress." The many books now appearing which deal with the mystical and the occult, indicate a trend of thought. The psychologist has the field of attention. Those who are in touch with present thought are expectant. We seem to be entering a field of investigation that may prove wonderfully illuminating. But one feels as he reads this book by Mr. Wilson that he claims too much, or is over-emphasing his point of view. The following statement is an illustration; "More and more do I feel as I study the powers of the soul and the growing receptivity of objective consciousness to appropriate its wisdom, that a revelation of truth is soon to be presented of such moment as to startle the mulitude, make millions of volumes which have been called learned only valuable, because they record what man once was, and further to disclose that intellectuality and mysticism are at last blending into each other, creating a new man and that man is free."

The Philosophy of Self-help; *by S. D. Kirkham; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York;* 1909; $1.25. This book is "An application of practical psychology to daily life." So many books are now being published dealing with subjects of practical psychology, that one must select from them with discrimination. This book by Mr. Kirkham is not radical, but bears the marks of scholarly and controlled investigation; nor is it so technical as to seem dull to the average reader. It is practical in purpose, clear in style, and inspiring in the truth presented. The scope of

the work is revealed in the following words: "Some of the ideas which underlie mental therapeutics have become permanent constituents of modern thought, as recently discovered chemical elements are permanent factors in chemical science. I purpose here to give an outline of these thought elements—to systematise their essential principles and to show their practical bearing upon the art of living, of mind and character building, whereby the individual, through recognition and application, may develop for himself a more rounded character, a more efficient mind, a healthier body, and hence come to live a more effective, a more beautiful, and a happier life." Those who wish a clear, conservative, readable statement of the philosophical and psychological principles underlying the mental-healing phenomena, with their application to life, will do well to read the above book.

HARRY FOSTER BURNS.

Some Children's Stories

ANOTHER LITTLE COLONEL STORY.

In "Mary Ware, the Little Colonel's Chum," ninth in the series of the "Little Colonel" stories, Annie Fellows Johnston gives us a very interesting and picturesque study of a young girl of sixteen who is forced to meet difficulties and overcome obstacles which people twice her age would be unable to face. Only the indomitable courage and cheery faith of the girl keep her head above the sea of troubles which sweep down upon her like a cloud-burst from a sunny sky.

Through the generosity of "Brother Jack," Mary is sent to a fashionable boarding school for young ladies, called Warwick Hall, located near Washington, D. C. Filled with the beauties and traditions of the place, Mary falls in love with her new home immediately and wins the hearts of both teachers and pupils by her quiet way and quaint speeches. Work and play follow close on each other's heels until Christmas vacation when Mary goes to visit her sister who is studying art in New York. Two gay weeks slip by made joyous by remenbrances from home and by the kindness of friends in New York, among whom, Phil, a friend of brother Jack's, is conspicuous in his attentions.

Back at school, time is marked by St. Valentine's Day, Washington's Birthday, and finally by a second vacation at Eastertide. Mary goes again to New York and while there receives word that Brother Jack has been injured and probably crippled for life by an explosion in the mines in which he worked. Crushed by this dreadful blow, Mary makes a quick decision to return home at once. While going back to school to pack, and say good-bye to her dear friends, she realizes that her duty is to bring as much sunshine into the stricken household as possible.

Phil gives her a book called "The Jester's Word," a tale of a prince who becomes a cripple just as he is to come to the throne, and as a last resort becomes a Jester, whose purpose it is "to ease the burden of the world." This story, symbolical of the strength in man to make the most of the faculties he has, brings courage to Jack who, after long illness is able to return to the mines as a clerk instead of a superintendent.

Throughout the book, we feel Mary's uplifting influence, in the school-room, home, and later in the world, and we cannot help admiring and paying homage to the courage, cheerfulness and moral strength which carry her through every struggle with flying colors.

A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.

In O-Heart-San, Helen Eggleston Haskell gives us a charming little Japanese fairy tale concerning the lives of O-Heart-San, Prince Haru of Japan, and Maid Margery, an American girl. Spun fancifully with Japanese love and superstitions, the charming story reminds us of "Topsy," for it "just growed." It is so natural in the simplicity of diction, and the plot, although clear, is sufficiently decked to make it interesting.

O-Heart-San, the daughter of a wood-carver, has a wonderful dream which promises a most fortunate future. According to Japanese customs, people came from far and near to buy the dream, but all in vain until Prince Haru appears as a purchaser and goes with the dream in his possession, a gift from the owner. A friendship with the royal family follows, and three little children of such different conditions meet and make merry at many parties in the Royal Palace.

Hapiness is soon blighted, however, by the betrothal of O-Heart-San to a rich silk merchant who is as old and unattractive to the girl as he is pleasing to the parents.

Maid Margery is shocked at the difference in ages of the betrothed, and she suggests a scheme by which the future mother-in-law may become displeased with O-Heart-San. She seasons the maccaroni very disagreeably at a dinner cooked for the merchant's mother by the bride-to-be. Contrary to the American maid's hope, the tyrannical old woman eats heartily and is very well pleased with the meal.

O-Heart-San, unhappy at the thought of her coming marriage and overcome with the grief at the assault on a young Russian Csarivitch, a royal guest, by a fanatical Shogun, thinks of committing "Jigai" and is only prevented from so doing by Maid Margery and Prince Haru, who rush into the Wistaria Arbor as she faints. Freed from her betrothal at Prince Haru's request, the Japanese maid goes to school in Tokyo, graduates with honors and becomes a sweet and contented little nurse in the Tokyo hospital.

Like all fairy tales, O-Heart-San ends with an "and they lived happily ever afterward," and we close the book with a sigh that we must break the spell which the tiny elves have spun around us. F. L. T.

BOOKS RECEIVED

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
"How to Live Longer," by H. T. Kealing. 63 pages.
PRESS OF ROBERTS BROS. CO.
"A Wreath of Song," by Rev. Franklin F. Buckner. 98 pages.
R. F. FENNO & Co., New York.:
"The Heavenly Life," by James Allen. 84 pages.
SAMUEL A. BLOCH.
"The New Ethics," by J. Howard Moore. 216 pages, $1.00, net.
THE CENTURY CO.
"Box Furniture," by Louise Brigham. 304 pages.
JAMES H. WEST CO.
"Mind Over Body, Letters to a Friend," by a Christian Scientist. Postpaid, $1.00, 104 pages.
B. W. HUEBSCH.
The Art of Life Series, Edward Howard Griggs, Editor.
"Product & Climax," by Simon Nelson Patten. 68 pages.

Better occasionally to be deceived than to be always distrustful.

Growing is discovering our faults and overcoming them.

God never started this world a-going and went away and left it—He is with us yet.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—What we are stretches past what we do, beyond what we possess.

MON.—To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us.

TUES.—All nature is a standing protest against the absurdity of expecting to secure spiritual effects, or any effect, without the employment of appropriate causes.

WED.—Of all unseen things, the most radiant, the most beautiful, the most divine, is character.

THURS.—It is easier to criticise the best thing superbly than to do the smallest thing indifferently.

FRI.—In many ways the limitation of the natural life is the necessary condition of the full enjoyment of the spiritual life.

SAT.—The punishment of degeneration is simply degeneration—the loss of functions, the decay of organs, the atrophy of the spiritual nature.

—*Henry Drummond.*

DANDELION WISHES

O dandelion seed-ball;
You're like a palace light,
With silken walls and shining roof
Made out of gauzy white.

Within you live some fairies;
When quick and hard I blow
The palace door flies open wide,
And out the fairies go.

And as they fly, they carry—
At least, so I've been taught—
To every one they chance to meet
A loving wish or thought.

Now fly away, my fairies,
And take a greeting bright,
To cheer and comfort those you find
Wherever you alight.

Don't go to happy people;
Find lonely ones, and sad,
And whisper that a little child
Would like to make them glad.

And take to city dwellers
A message on your way;
Tell them it's very beautiful
In God's big world today.

—*Annie Willis McCullough, in Youth's Companion.*

The Talisman—A "Guess Story."

Papa had little Robbie on his knee and Paul and Frank comfortably snuggled up on each side of him. Then Paul said:

"Now tell us a 'Guess' Story, please, papa."

Papa could tell the most interesting stories about common things, like bees or kites or marbles, but without telling what they were, and the boys would have to guess what they were about.

"Well," began papa, "you know that long ago, in the countries where they had kings, the king would sometimes send some man, whom he knew he could trust, on an important mission. The king would give his own signet-ring to the man, so that the one to whom he was sent would recognize it and would obey the commands of the king's messenger just as if they were the commands of the king himself.

"In some countries people have believed that there were certain magic things called talismans that had some wonderful power to make people obey them, if only they carried the talisman."

Papa stopped the "Guess Story" for a minute, and took a small box, not much over an inch in length, from his pocket.

"When I was down town today," said papa, "I found a talisman that really has certain wonderful powers. It is inside this little box.

"If I should give it to Paul or Frank or Robbie, the one to whom I gave it would find ever so many men ready to serve him at the bidding of the talisman.

"In every city and town from Maine to California, or rather from Porto Rico to the Philippines, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, there are men sworn to do its bidding.

"Or if I gave it to one of you boys, and you wished to, you might send the talisman on a long journey, in care of some faithful man, and he would go for many miles, guarding the talisman carefully, and then pass it on to some one else who was bound to obey it, and so it would pass from one to another, for thousands of miles.

"You would not even have to pay the railroad fare of the men,—the great steam engines would puff, and the wheels would revolve, and the train would travel on, day and night, carrying the talisman on the errand that you entrusted to it.

"When it left the train, there would be other men waiting to receive it and to carry out the commands you sent with it.

"Even away up in Alaska there are men waiting now who would tramp for miles over snow and ice for you, if you sent the talisman to them with your orders."

"Would it ever come back again?" asked Rob.

"Well, no—" said Papa. "Oh, yes; there is a way you could have it come back to you.

But none of the boys could guess.

"Is it a penny?" asked Paul.

"No."

"A dime,—any money?" asked Frank.

"No."

The boys thought and puzzled some more, but still they failed to guess right.

"Tell us about how we could make it come back from the long journey, papa," asked Frank.

Papa thought it was time to help them a little, so he said, "Well, if you wanted to send it to some one you knew in—well, in California, and you were not quite sure where he lived, you could send a request that if the messengers failed to find him they would send it back to you."

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Paul. "You mean that they would send back what the talisman carried, papa?"

"Yes."

"Then I know," and he whispered in papa's ear.

"Paul has guessed it, and I'll give him the talisman," announced papa. "If the others 'give it up,' he will show it to you."

So as Frank and Robbie really couldn't guess, Paul opened the little box carefully and showed them—*A POSTAGE STAMP!*

—*Ida Kenniston.*

Milton, besides being an excellent poet, could, if the occasion offered and circumstances demanded, make a sharp retort. In a letter to the London *Spectator* the writer quotes an anecdote which he found among some family papers. It was originally related by his great-great-grandfather in 1762.

King Charles II had the curiosity to see Milton, and in the course of conversation said to him:

"God hath punished you for your malice, and so forth, to my father by taking away your sight."

"Aye," Milton is said to have replied, "but before I lost my eyes, he lost his head."—*Youth's Companion.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITORS.....MRS. WM. KENT, MISS MARY E. HAWLEY

THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. OSBORNE E. D. MARTIN PAYSON S. WILD

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Wilson M. Backus, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Robert C. Denison, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Charles W. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Hiram W. Thomas, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Two academic anniversaries of great interest take place this summer. One is the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the University and Divinity School of Geneva, Switzerland, July 2-10. At the same time will be laid the corner-stone of a great monument in honor of the Protestant Reformation, and especially of the heroes of the Calvinist movement. The American Unitarian Association, invited by the University and Theological School authorities to participate, have appointed ex-Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr., and Rev. C. W. Wendte to represent them on this occasion.

The five hundredth anniversary of the founding of the University of Leipzig will be observed July 28-30. A reception of invited guests, jubilee services at the University Church, a public meeting addressed by the King of Saxony, addresses by Prof. Wilhelm Wundt, the eminent psychologist, and others, a historical procession illustrating the Middle Ages, gala performances in all the theatres, and a banquet with seats for 10,000 are among the features of this festival occasion.

The secretary of the International Council of Unitarian and Other Religious Liberals sailed June 1 for Europe, where he will seek to arouse increased interest in the coming "World Congress for Free Christianity and Religious Progress,"— such is the name chosen by our German allies for the great gathering they will welcome in Berlin in the last week in July, 1910.

The secretary will visit England, Holland, Germany, France, and Switzerland on this mission. At a conference with the local committee in Berlin, in late July, the programme will be definitely determined upon. The promise is for a gathering equalling, if not surpassing, any which has yet been held. Among many other eminent men Prof. A. Harnack has consented to read a paper. Prof. Harnack has issued the sixtieth thousand of his book "Wesen des Christentums."

The Genevan separation of Church and State has proven most auspicious for the Protestant element in the Canton. 175,000 francs in free-will offerings were required to take the place of the former state support. Within the first month 130,000 francs of this amount were raised. Encouraged by this readiness to assume the burdens of the voluntary system, a number of new pastorates were created, and the pay of the ministers in general was raised. The threatened secession of church members has amounted to but 150, mostly extreme orthodox believers, while 1,400 new members have been gained. The Sunday-schools have increased by 400 pupils. The Protestants of Geneva look forward with confidence and cheer to the future of their church and cause, which the coming anniversary festivities cannot fail to promote.

Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, London, has been compelled, because of poor health, to cancel all his American engagements this summer. He is now in Germany as one of the British ministerial delegation of over one hundred clergymen who visit that country in the interests of international peace. It is reported that, when the committee assigned him to the Congregational contingent of this delegation, the other representatives of this denomination objected, whereupon he was appointed one of the Unitarian quota.

Rev. Franklin C. Southworth, president of the Meadville Theological School, U. S. A., is now in England. He delivered a course of four Wednesday evening lectures to the students at Manchester College, Oxford. On Sunday, May 9, he preached the Anniversary sermons at Lewisham, and on the following Sunday, May 16, in the College Chapel at Oxford. On Whit-Sunday, Mr. Southworth took the scholars' service at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. He attended the meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association as the representative of the American Association, and gave the address at the Ministers' Meeting at Essex Hall on Thursday, June 3.

Rev. Mary Safford was the preacher at Clarence Road Church, Kentish Town, on Sunday morning, May 16. Rev. Mary Safford is one of the best-known Unitarian lady pastors in the United States. She is now pastor of the First Unitarian Church, Des Moines, Ia. During her absence in England Rev. Mary Safford's pulpit at Des Moines is being occupied by Rev. Gertrude von Petzold.

The British Van Mission began its work May 13. As last year, four vans were engaged and over a hundred towns and villages are in the programme. There will be a London, Midland, South Wales, and Scotland van. The campaign will end in September.

The Congregationalists have in 1909 4,918 churches in Great Britain, 497,662 church members, and 715,371 Sunday-school scholars, a decrease of 13 churches, 1,291 members, and 13,976 pupils.

The recent deaths of Miss Julia Gaskell, youngest daughter of Mrs. Gaskell, the authoress, and of Miss Edith Martineau, a daughter of Dr. Martineau, are deplored. Both were ardent Unitarians.

The Hungarian Unitarian monthly, the *Keresztény Magnetoe*, or Christian Seedsower, contains in its March-April number a translation of the reply of President Taft to the congratulatory letter sent him by Bishop Ferencz in the name of the Unitarians of Hungary, also the preliminary announcement concerning the Berlin Congress of 1910. It is proposed that the pilgrimage of American and English Unitarians that summer be extended to Translyvania, to permit participation in the four hundredth anniversary festivities of our Hungarian friends, who are to celebrate the memory of their founder, Bishop Francis David, by interesting exercises.—*Rev. Charles W. Wendte, in The Christian Register.*

CHILL OF THE EVE.

A long, green swell
Slopes soft to the sea,
And a far-off bell
Swings sweet to me,
As the gray, chill day
Slips away from the lea.

Spread cold and far,
Without one glow
From a mild pale star,
Is the sky's steel bow,
And the gray, chill day
Slips away below.

That green tree grieves
To the air around,
And the whispering leaves
Have a lonely sound,
As the gray, chill day
Slips away from the ground.

The long grass bends
With a rippling rush
To the soft, white ends
Where the roots are lush,
And the gray, chill day
Slips away in a hush.

Down by the shore
The slow waves twine
From the rock-strewn floor
To the shell-edged line,
And the gray, chill day
Slips away with a whine.

And dark, more dark,
The shades settle down,
Far off is a spark
From the lamp-lit town,
And the gray, chill day
Slips away with a frown.

—*James Stephens, in Insurrections.*

A SUNSET SONG.

Fade not yet, O summer day,
For my love has answered "Yea."
Keep us from the coming Night,
Lest our blossom suffer blight.

"Fear you not: if love be true,
Closer will it cleave to you;
'Tis the darkened hours that prove
Faith or faithlessness in love."

—*John B. Tabb, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Power Hill Summer Encampment

FOR THE SEASON OF 1909

For those who are looking for a quiet, restful place to spend vacation months

The Plant: The Tower Hill Pleasure Company owns a tract of land of about sixty-five acres, effectively enclosed, abundantly shaded by native and planted trees, an adequate reservoir, which is piped to the various buildings and supplied with the purest water, drawn from a well sunk into the Potsdam sandstone, which yields scarcely a trace of organic matter. It owns a dining room, ice house, pavilion with a seating capacity of 250, with fireplace, class room facilities, one cottage and two long houses for rent, servants' quarters, etc., etc. All the buildings are wire screened and are insect and rain proof. Tower Hill and its river surroundings afford exceptional opportunities for the artist with paint brush or camera, or for the amateur geologist, botanist, orthinologist, etc. A well tilled garden, and an adequate dairy, in connection with the Jenkin Lloyd Jones Farm, supply the table.

Private Cottages: Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company have been sold for twenty-five dollars ($25) each; this entitles the holder to a building site, the cottage being private property and subject to sale, though the title to the land remains vested in the company. At the present time the encampment contains seventeen (17) such cottages.

Expenses: The expenses of the Encampment consist of the wages of one man, who, in addition to the care of the property, gets up the wood, fills the ice house and maintains the garden, and the incidental expenses necessary to keep the water works and the public property in order. To meet these expenses there is paid to the company treasury an annual sustaining tax of twenty dollars ($20) from each cottage owner, and 10 per cent of the gross earnings of the dining room and laundry and the Longhouses rentals.

History: The site of the Tower Hill Encampment was once within the limits of a busy pioneer village and river town, Helena, Iowa County, Wisconsin, which went down with the advent of the railroad and the establishment of Spring Green, leaving Helena at one side. On the top of the bluff was situated at one time the "melting house" of a thriving shot tower (hence the name), the hot pellets falling through a shaft of some two hundred feet into a well on the level of the Wisconsin river, which sweeps around the base of the hill, where the finishing house was situated; the product was shipped by boat in the ante-railroad days down the river to St. Louis and elsewhere. The property was bought in 1890 by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William C. Gannett and S. S. Hunting, with the double motive of rescuing a picturesque and sightly hill, with the surrounding country of great beauty, from vandal fires and wanton neglect, and with the hope of establishing a quiet retreat, where tired ministers, teachers and other city-bound people might find an escape from the noise, the hurry, the strain, the style, the exactions of fashion and the burdensome conventions of society, and for a time enjoy at minimum cost communion with nature with a few master minds and, when profitable, with one another. These aims have been kept strictly in view. Life on the Hill is kept very quiet and simple. The residents retire early and the privacy of the cottages is respected. "Plain Living and High Thinking" has been the aim. The men go in their shirt sleeves, women in plain calico or its equivalent, and children in their bare feet. It is no place for Saratoga trunk displays and impediments; fine dresses can better be displayed elsewhere.

The Encampment was laid out and the company incorporated by Robert L. Joiner, County Surveyor, and the original clearing and initial work was carried on under his direction and with the coöperation of the Lloyd Jones brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and James Philip and David Timothy, of the Hillside Valley, whose continuous support has been an important element in the growth and strength of the Hill colony. The movement has also enjoyed from the start the coöperation and sympathy of many other neighbors in the vicinity and in the village of Spring Green.

The Tower Hill Summer School

In the furtherance of the above object, the Summer School held its first session in 1890, its meetings for the first year being held in the school house in Hillside Valley. The Emerson Pavilion was completed and dedicated in time for the season of 1891. Since then the sessions have been held continuously on the Hill, with the exception of 1893, the World's Fair year, when the Encampment was closed and the study classes were held in Chicago in "Unity Building," a boarding home for friendly visitors to the fair, which was rented, equipped and sustained by a Tower Hill committee, and whose net earnings greatly aided in the first equipment, rendered possible by certain "loans" made by a few of the residents, which were never collected and have long since been forgiven and forgotten.

The object of this school from the beginning has been;

First, to give an opportunity for coöperative study of Bible and religious programs from a devout but progressive and scientific standpoint, with the normal school purpose of enabling the student to carry the result of his studies into Sunday-school and home instruction. It was organized around the seven years' course of study in religion, printed below.

Second, to deepen the acquaintance with master bards, particularly those most in need of interpretative helps and on that account most in danger of being neglected, viz., Browning, Emerson, Whitman and their fellows.

Third, such study of nature—rock, flower, insect and bird—as the surroundings invite and encourage.

Fourth, the furnishing of such popular and illustrative lectures as the resources of the Hill, the State University and other available material would offer.

Fifth, the holding of such public assemblies, Sunday gatherings, basket meetings, as would interest, socialize and edify the neighbors in that country side.

In all five of these directions the work has been carried on with increasing success, each year adding something to its potency and interest. The Grove Meeting Sundays, two or three in a season, have been greatly appreciated by a constituency representing a circle of attendance whose radius is thirty or more miles in extent.

The Conductor of the School has always been Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and with the exception of the first years he has given the lessons in religion and the major part of the work in poetry, though a list of those who have assisted in the class room, with object lesson and lecture, would make a long one, too long to be here inserted; an imperfect list would be unfair.

This year's work will be given to the sixth year in the Seven Years' Course, studying the books of the New Testament in their chronological order, as follows.

Class in Religion—

1. The Origin and Organization of the Early Church.
2. The Persecutions.
3. The Mingling of Greek, Roman and Christian Elements.
4. Constantine and Julian. 311-363.
5. Jerome. 340 (?)-420.
6. Augustine's "The City of God." 354-430.
7. St. Benedict. 480-543.
8. Monks and Missions in the West.
9. Gregory I. (The Great). 540 (?)-604.
10. Mohammed. 570-632.
11. Charlemagne. 742-814.

12. Alfred the Great. 849-901.
13. The Conversion of the Slav, St. Stephen.
14. Hildebrand, 1020 (?)-1085.
15. Abelard, 1079-1142.
16. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1091-1153.
17. Feudalism and Chivalry: The Real and the Ideal.
18. The Crusades. 1096-1271.
19. St. Francis of Assisi. 1182-1226. The Coming of the Friars.
20. Cathedral Building.
21. The Rise of the Universities.
22. Dante. 1265-1321.
23. The Black Death and its Effects.
24. Wicliff. 1324-1384. Huss. 1369-1415.
25. The Fore-runners of the Reformation. 1380 (?)-1471, Wesel (1420-89.)
26. Torquemada. 1420-1498.
27. The Great Renaissance.
28. Savonarola. (1452-1498.)
29. Michael Angelo. 1475-1564.
30. More's "Utopia." 1516.

REFERENCES.

For full analysis and detailed references in the field at large, the syllabus issued by Professor Thompson of the University of Chicago, entitled "Reference Studies in Mediæval History" (50c), a pamphlet of 130 pages, is specially recommended, and it is hoped that a copy of this exhaustive index to English sources will be in the hands of each student. The Growth of Christianity," by Joseph Henry Crooker, is a little hand-book prepared in 1897 for this particular course and was published by the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society (30c); Robinson's History of Western Europe, and the same author's "Readings in European History," The Middle Ages (Ginn & Co.), are excellent guides; Munro and Sellery's "Mediæval Civilization" (Century Co.), and Adams' "Civilization During the Middle Ages" (Scribners), are highly recommended. Fuller reference list supplied on application.

Studies in Religion—Seven Years' Course

These studies were inaugurated at Tower Hill and have been continued throughout its twenty years' work. First year, "Beginnings, or the Cradle Life of the Soul;" second year, "Religions of the Elder World;" third year, "The Growth of the Hebrew Religion;" fourth year. "The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classical World;" fifth year, "The New Testament, The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion;" sixth year, "The Growth of Christianity;" seventh year, "The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion; from Erasmus to Emerson."

Dates and Prices

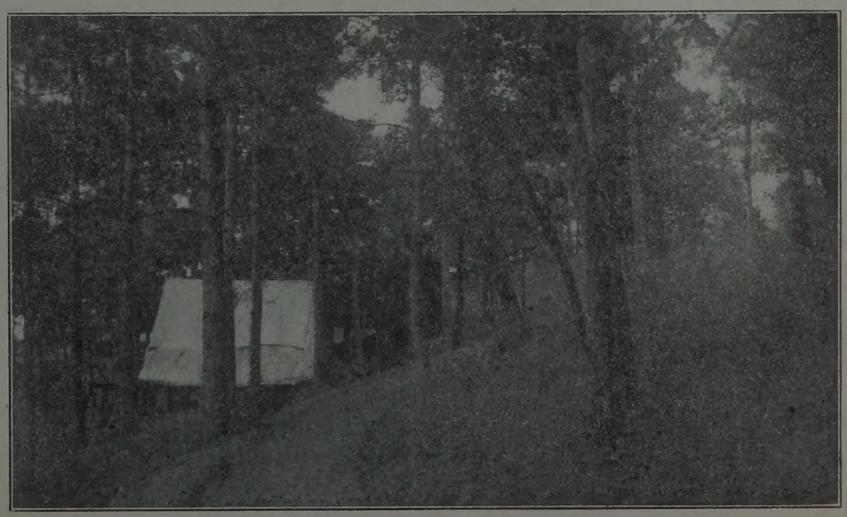
Tower Hill Encampment, July 1-September 20; Tower Hill Summer School, July 25-August 22; Woman's Congress, August 20, 21, 22.

Board at the dining room is furnished at five dollars ($5.00) a week; room in Long Houses, with double bed, $3 per week. For the season there are always some cottages that can be rented, but applications should be made early. So far as the capacity of the laundry permits washing will be done at usual schedule rates. Transportation between R. R. station and the Hill, 50 cents; trunks, 50 cents; valises and similar packages, 15 cents. Round trip from the Hill to station and return, when seats can be spared in the buckboard, 25 cents. Teams for special trips and rides, carrying six (6) passengers, can be ordered at any time from Spring Green livery at the rate of a dollar an hour. Registration fee for Summer School, five dollars ($5), including all classes and evening lectures. Family tickets, seven dollars ($7); single admission, 25 cents.

General Information

Spring Green is the freight, express and telegraph station. It is situated on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, one hundred and eighty (180) miles from Chicago. Day passenger trains during the Encampment season will stop at Helena (flag station) three miles east of Spring Green shortening the distance and with better roads. Those wishing to reach the Hill with least delay should notify by letter in time for the buckboard to meet the train. If you desire to get off at Helena notify conductor. A livery at Spring Green is always accessible on short notice.

During the season mail should be addressed to Tower Hill, Wis.



Some New Books

For Sale At

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP

CAPTAIN THOMAS A. SCOTT:
MASTER DIVER
By F. Hopkinson Smith
12mo.; 76 pp.; 60 cents net; by mail 66 cents. Vol. V, "True American Types" Series.

SOME MEMORIES By Robert Collyer
12mo.; 248 pp.; $1.25 net; by mail, $1.35.

THE SEA OF FAITH By Milton Reed
12mo.; 111 pp.; 80 cents net; by mail, 87 cents.

THE HIGHER SACRIFICE
BY DAVID STARR JORDAN
12mo.; 54 pp. 80 cents net; by mail, 86 cents.

PAUL By W. Wrede
12mo.; 163 pp.; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.09. (Extract is taken from the Preface.)

SONS OF THE PURITANS
By Various Authors
12mo.; 244 pp.; $1.50 net; by mail, $1.60. Sketches of George Frisbie Hoar, by Francis C. Lowell; Morrill Wyman, by Henry P. Walcott; Horace Gray, by Ezra Ripley Thayer; Charles Franklin Dunbar, by Charles W. Eliot; Phillips Brooks, by Charles Carroll Everett; Francis Channing Barlow, by Edwin H. Abbot; Henry Sturgis Russell, by John T. Morse, Jr.; Roger Wolcott, by William Lawrence; William Eustis Russell, by Charles Eliot Norton; Charles Eliot, by William R. Thayer; William Henry Baldwin, Jr. by George R. Nutter. Illustrated with eleven portraits. (Extract is taken from the Introduction.)

THE CHURCH OF TODAY
By Joseph H. Crooker
12mo.; 177 pp.; 75 cents net; by mail, 82 cents.

A BOOK OF PRAYERS
By Charles Gordon Ames
12mo.; 36 pp.; $1.50 net in cloth; $2.50 net in leather; postage, 10 cents additional.

THE ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE, AND ITS PLACE AMONG SACRED BOOKS By J. T. Sunderland
12mo.; 325 pp.; $1.20 net; by mail, $1.33

MIRACLES AND MYTHS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT By Joseph May
12mo.; 191 pp.; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.06.

THE STRENGTH OF BEING CLEAN
By David Starr Jordan
12mo.; 45 pp.; 50 cents net; by mail, 56 cents.

WHERE THE LIGHT DWELLETH
By Robert Collyer
12mo.; 283 pp.; $1.40 net; by mail, $1.50.

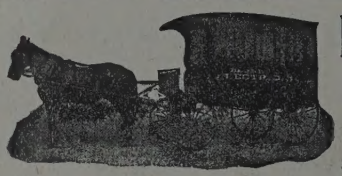
THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOPE
By David Starr Jordan
12mo.; 45 pp.; 75 cents net; by mail, 81 cents.

All the books you want, at the prices you have a right to secure. Call or write to

The Lincoln Centre Shop
209 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago

MARYLAND HOTEL, 157 OAKWOOD BOULEVARD
One Block from Lincoln Center
Delightful Summer Home. Fine Table. Special Rates to Students.
Phone Douglas 3345.

1902 ONE WAGON 1908 12 WAGONS
Our Plant is the Best Equipped on the South Side
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of Laundry Work
PROMPT SERVICE OUR MOTTO
BISSELL LAUNDRY
231-233-235 39th Street Telephone Douglas 1003



BERNET & CO. Phone Douglas 1136
Fine Residence Work Especially
Electricians and Locksmiths
3985 Cottage Grove Ave.

Don't Pay Fancy Prices for Butter

BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER
Is better than the best and goes twice as far.

So called cheap butter at all, but BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER is absolutely reliable, pure and wholesome. It is made of pure ground Spanish Peanuts, grown in America, and the best in the world. Come and see it made. Hundreds of dainty dishes are made from it.

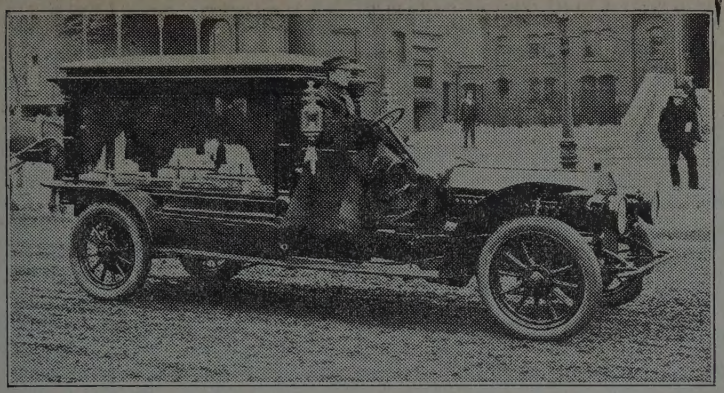
QUALITY BUT-O-NUT PURITY
PEANUT BUTTER
CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO.

Try It Free Write today for Free Sample Jar. We will send it by return mail together with our But-O-Nut Cook Book which is full of valuable recipes. Write today,

CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO.
214-216 S. Water St., Chicago.

In the summer time, pure rich milk and cream are most important, and hardest to get.
Wanzer's Germ-no Milk and Wanzer's Delicious Cream are guaranteed pure. Always fresh. Cost no more. Order today your milk and cream of
SIDNEY WANZER & SONS
305-307 E. 30th St. Phone Douglas 817
6313-6315 Kimbark Ave. Phone Hyde Park 207

Bowman Dairy Company
Milk bottled in the country
Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk
Do our wagons serve you?
Why not have the best?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all division offices.
Evanston ·· Chicago ·· *Oak Park*



H. D. Ludlow's Second Auto-hearse, Just Completed.

California Limited
Santa Fe
For first class travel only
All other trains to Southern California, via any line, carry second-class sleepers and second-class passengers
For art booklet of the Limited, address W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr. A. T. & S. F. Ry. System, 1186 Railway Exchange, Chicago.
This train of luxury will take your family away from cold weather to sunny California.
Has a Pullman for Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Sea Shells and Curios for your Church Fair. Make a display of the wonders of all Ocean Shells, Corals, Necklaces, etc. Sent on commission; you remit me 75 cents on each dollar sold. I prepay freight. Make your application early.
J. F. POWELL, Waukegan, Ill.

DR. S. S. CURRY,
of the
SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION,
Boston, will hold a Summer Term in July, in the Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago, for teachers, preachers and readers. Summer Terms by other teachers, Boston, Asheville. This School has led every advance in speaking for 25 years. Regular Year opens Oct. 7. Address
S. S. CURRY, Ph.D.,
301 Pierce Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Stamping Embroidery
WENTWORTH WOMAN'S EXCHANGE
4331 Wentworth Ave.
Preserved Fruits Stenciling

PRINTING
We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-Class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :
Oakland Printing House 161 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4305

Oakland 51 Drexel 5654
ADAMS BROS. GARAGE
171 and 173 E. Forty-Third St.
All the Latest Improvements for the Care of Electric and Gasoline Vehicles
Storage Charging Repairing
Supplies for Sale

CREAMERIES:
Beecher, Ill.
Orland, Ill.
Goodings Grove, Ill.
DOWD PURE MILK CO.
4326-34 WABASH AVE.
Phone Oakland 474
Milk and Cream of the highest grade bottled in the Country
OUR MOTTO:
Purity, Cleanliness and Efficient Delivery

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
'Phone Oakland 78. 192 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

The Meadville Theological School

Meadville, Pa.

Founded 1844

is a modern, undogmatic training-school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students.

For catalogue address The Registrar, Meadville, Theological School

LINCOLN CENTRE LEAVES.

Illustrated by Bertha E. Jaques, Bertha L. Corbett and Other Artists.

1. The New Year. Horatio N. Powers.
2. Nature's Ministries (To a shut-in). Evelyn H. Walker.
3. Many Dear Things of His Providence. W. C. Gannett.
4. Thou Mindest Me of All Bright Things (To a young girl). Evelyn H. Walker.
5. From Wishing-Land (Wishes for her birthday). Robert Louis Stevenson.
6. Sunset and Afterglow (To one in the afternon of life). Evelyn H. Walker.
7. They May Not Need Me, Yet They Might. Emily Dickinson.
8. Flower Messengers (With a gift of flowers). Evelyn H. Walker.
9. Not by Appointment Do We Meet Delight and Joy. Gerald Massey.
10. May Sun and Moon and Little Stars. Evelyn H. Walker.
11. A Thought for a Friend. Dinah Muloch Craik.
12. For a Marriage Day. Gerald Massey.
13. A Rosary (For lovers or friends). Owen Innsley.
14. The Assurance of Things Not Seen (For Easter). Evelyn H. Walker.
15. Behold a Friend. D. M.
16. Surprise (On immortality). Maltbie Babcock.
17. The Mothers. William C. Gannett.
18. The Little New Daughter.
19. A Christmas Wish. Evelyn H. Walker.

Plain, each ..... .05
Hand colored ..... .12
One dozen in box (your choice), postpaid $1.50

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP
Abraham Lincoln Centre

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR

By Charles R. Cooper.
Late 67th Ohio V. V.

CHRONOLOGICAL AND ALPHABETICAL RECORD OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

With a rare Frontispiece of Lincoln. Royal octavo, bound in blue cloth, gold-lettered back, white-lettered side, bevelled boards,, sprinkled edges.

Price, Five Dollars.

THE CAXTON PRESS,
255 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

To Unity Readers

Through your loyalty and faithful support in the past UNITY has built up a circulation that makes it a factor in your community.

We have not so far placed before you, nor will we at any time print, any advertisement that we cannot unconditionally endorse and guarantee to you.

To keep faith with our readers and with ourselves we annually refuse substantial amounts of money for advertisements which are eagerly sought for and published by many journals which seek to occupy the same or similar fields as UNITY.

We are therefore asking you to help us to get the best advertisers to start using the columns of UNITY and continue to do so, by your patronage of them from time to time.

We want you to choose for yourselves, from classification below, which of the advertisers using local mediums which for some reason we have overlooked or find them discriminating against UNITY, and who you think should avail themselves of the advertising columns of UNITY.

We ask your kind coöperation in this matter; please sign name and address to your list, which of course will not be used for publication.

Make selections from following classifications:

Men's and Boy's Clothing and Furnishing Goods
Dry Goods
Watches and Jewelry
Taxicabs
Banking or Bonds
Stoves and Heaters
Milk, Cream, Butter or Eggs
Photography
Women's Clothing
Automobiles
Fire or Life Insurance
Household or Office Furniture
Pianos and Musical Instruments
Coal
Furriers
Plumbing, Painting and Paper Hanging
Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes
Women's Apparel, Millinery, Etc.

Quiet Tabulating

There's one good thing about the Underwood you'll be glad to know if you have tabular work to be transcribed in typewriting:—its tabulating attachment moves the carriage to the right point quickly and without jar—without startling the clerks and making the whole office jump. Then the visible writing of the

UNDERWOOD
STANDARD
Typewriter

gives immediate assurance of correct work. In making out bills, statements, comparative records, the tabulating device assures correct alignment in decimal columns—unit under unit, tens under tens, and so on.

The purpose of the tabulating device, the visible writing and other valuable features of the Underwood is to save time, trouble and money in your office and promote efficiency. You ought then to be glad to know all about them. Suppose you call in. Our man will help—not bother you.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
ANYWHERE